The Mirror

OF

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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The series of buildings termed the Tower of London occupies an extensive area to the east of the city, on the north side of the Thames. The following description, though the terms in which it is conveyed are not rigidly exact, may convey a general idea of the form of the Tower:

The area may be termed a circle, which is described by a wide and spacious ditch, or moat, running round the walls and the river. The centre of this circle is occupied by the most conspicuous and the most ancient portion of the Tower—the citadel or keep, which was the royal palace. This is a massive quadrangular building, having a turret at each angle rising considerably above the roof. It is termed the White Tower. The White Tower stands in the centre, or nearly so, of a square or inclosure called the Inner Ward; the buildings composing which are appropriated to the Ordnance offices, the ancient and modern armouries, store-houses, resident governor's house, &c. The Inner Ward is encircled by the Outer Ward, a narrow street, or rather lane, running round the Tower, which is appropriated to offices, residences, barracks, &c. The walls have cannon mounted at the embrasures.

We have so often had occasion to refer to the time-honoured walls of London's Tower—from which Ainsworth took the name of his very successful historical romance—that we feel ourselves under no necessity of giving any very minute details on the present occasion. To say that its foundation is ascribed to Julius Cæsar, that here have great and good men and women—Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Russell, &c.—perished; some by inches, others on the scaffold—is to repeat what everybody knows. It is, therefore, more relevant to the present to invite our readers to pay a visit to this ancient fortress; where, if they be of the slightest poetic temperament, they will find their minds carried back to the picturesque, but in nowise to-be-regretted, days of feudalism, *i.e.* barbarism. The objects most worthy of inspection are the Armoury, the White Tower, the Jewel House. The dungeons—those infernal cells, where perished the very names of numerous victims of tyranny or religious bigotry—we propose, at no very distant period, to visit ourselves. We have been promising ourselves this satisfaction for some time past, and when we do so our readers will have the benefit of our editorial gleanings into these deep and dark regions; where, as in Dante's infernal regions,

"Nor Hope, nor Peace ever came."

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

Book II.*—Palabras Milagrosas!

Chapter I.—Supper for Two.

It was a winter's night, the cold wind blew keenly, the shutters of the houses shook with violence, and made the interior all the more tempting and agreeable. Caronde Piquet felt this. Who was Caronde Piquet will be the very natural question of the reader. He was a notary, and old, honest, and, we will not maliciously say in consequence, poor; but that he was poor, was self-evident. The apartment which he occupied was small and ill-furnished; a desk, a box containing deeds and parchments, a ricketty table, and two chairs, were the whole of his *mobilier*, if we except a bed in what by courtesy was called another room—in reality a closet.

Now it by no means follows that because a man be poor, therefore he is miserable. Caronde Piquet was not. He plodded on in his avocation, with a few respectable but rich clients, who had little legal business to transact. What they had, they gave to Caronde, and Caronde after this fashion lived. He rose at dawn, made his breakfast and his bed, swept out his room, and had everything in order by office-hours. He then took a walk, for, like every poor man who thinks rightly, he found the open air his best friend. By eleven he returned, lest any one should be in want of his services. The day, however, generally passed without the visit of a client, though Caronde had enough of writing to do to occupy him until his dinner hour. This meal he luxuriated in at the neighbouring eating-house, such as they were before the revolution; and having expended his modest pittance, returned once more to his *mansarde* in the Rue Royale du Coq, No. 17. Towards evening the poor notary took another stroll, called perhaps on some friend, less solitary than himself because he had a family, and here Caronde was generally welcome. His gentle manners, his quiet yet witty remarks, his fondness for children, his inexhaustible fund of patience, which made him the martyr to half the children in the parish—or, at all events, of his acquaintance—rendered him ever welcome to the whole circle of his friends. Thus Caronde glided smoothly down the stream of life, never in want, never in penury, and still never at the end of the year, though exercising the most rigid economy, with one penny saved.

It was a winter evening, to go back to our opening words, and Caronde Piquet sat by his little fire-place, watching the development of a *bouillon* with which he promised to regale himself for his modest supper, with that intentness native to the poor and the solitary. Caronde was thinking. Of what, he would have found it difficult to say, since his subjects of thought were not of the most extensive kind.

A loud noise was heard at the bottom of the stairs; then the step of a heavy foot ascending.

Caronde took no notice, there were so many lodgers in the same hotel.

Rat! tat! tat!

"*Peste!*" said Caronde, eyeing his *bouillon* and his preparations for supper, which were, to say the least, slightly unprofessional, with doubt; "but bah, one must eat, even if one be a notary."

"Rat! tat!" this time rather impatiently.

"Come in," and Caronde threw himself back in his arm-chair with the air of a *millionaire*, disturbed at his evening meal.

A tall man, masked, and with a huge cloak thrown around him, entered unceremoniously, and advanced into the centre of the apartment.

"You are Caronde Piquet, notary," said the stranger, interrogatively.

"At your service, monsieur."

"Hem!" said the other, in somewhat bad French; "I come recommended to you by a client of yours—the Marquis de St. Leon."

"Sir, you are twice welcome. Will you be seated? What can I do for you?"

"Much, but it is an affair of moment. The first requisite is secrecy."

"It is my profession," said Caronde, drily.

The stranger seated himself, but without removing his mask, his hat, or his cloak.

"You would like to gain two thousand francs a year."

"Monsieur," said the poor notary, starting and looking at the stranger's feet with suspicion, "what am I to do for you?"

"Would you like to earn two thousand francs?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Two thousand francs? why, it is a mine."

"They are at your service."

"But, monsieur, explain yourself."

The stranger said nothing; but opening his cloak, there appeared, wrapped in a deep sleep, a child. Pale but most beautiful, the little creature slept so sound as to create the suspicion that artificial means had been resorted to cast it into slumber. It was about a year and a half old, and a girl.

Caronde's favourite instincts were all active and alive in an instant. His pale face flushed, his eyes beamed with a sparkling animation, his lips were curled into a smile.

* Book I. of "The Red Hand," which is written expressly for The Mirror, commences April 4th, and ends May 30, and may be had, price 1s. 6d.

"Is it to take that child? why, I would do it for nothing."

The stranger, whose mask covered only the upper part of his face, looked gratified, and continued: "You will be required to educate and adopt this child—you must bring it up as your own. Every year two thousand francs will be sent you. Be satisfied with this, be secret, and I confide her to you."

"I accept the office," said the notary, fervently, "but if you would reclaim her?"

"I shall never do so," replied the man, moodily; "and yet, who knows?"

"You may one day change your mind; circumstances—"

"Yes! you are right," said the man; "and yet you must not know me."

And the stranger mused. After a while, he took up a pen which lay on the notary's table, and wrote two words on the back of a packet, which he deposited in the notary's hands.

"The child I confide to you," said the stranger, rising; "watch over it, guard it, as you would your own soul, and deliver to no living being but he or her who shall repeat to you the words I have written."

The notary paid no attention to the words, for he had taken the child in his arms, and was intently engaged in admiring its pretty and innocent face. Caronde had within him all the feelings, all the emotions of a father, at this moment; and under the peculiar circumstances which brought the little stranger to his door, could scarcely but experience all the feelings of one.

"Its name?" he said, after a pause.

"Call her Piquet until she be ten years old; then open the packet I have given you; you will find other instructions. I confide in you."

"You may, sir stranger."

The mask here stooped, and imprinted a kiss upon the child's face. He then raised himself, cast a heavy purse on the table, and left the room. The notary again gazed on the child, on whose cheek he observed a slight humidity.

It was a tear dropped by the stern man who was now heard hurrying down stairs.

"Mon Dieu!" said Caronde, "that was the child's father, and he has left it thus. So much the better; I am no longer alone. Bravo, our family increases. We must have supper for two."

The child still slept, and Caronde bore it to the bed which for ten years he had enjoyed in solitary loneliness. It was big enough for the man and the baby, however. If it had not been, Caronde would have slept on the floor.

"Bravo!" said the notary; "God is good, and *au diable* with the philosophers. Here am I, a poor lonely devil, too poor to have a wife, and yet all my life wishing for a child of my own. Pan! pan! a knock at the door, and we have one that I will wager two sous to a bottle of brandy, can walk, and talk, and eat. Aha! talking of eating, I wonder whether *bouillon* is good for children. When it wakes, it will be hungry. All right; I know I have seen Mere Margot give a younger child, it was her grandchild, meat in lumps. Va! what is good in the whole must be excellent diluted. Agreed, soup is just the thing; and as sure as my name is Caronde, we shall have supper for two."

One should have seen the air with which the notary laid out his supper, even running out, so sound did the child sleep, and fetching, on the faith of the purse he had not yet looked at, certain little tit bits for the meal which the poor man had not for many a year regaled himself with. Ah! Caronde was a happy man, as he put on an extra log, lit an extra wick of his lamp, and popped a bottle of wine on his table. "Yes, God is good, and to the deuce with the philosophers."

"Ta! ta!" said Caronde, as soon as the whole banquet was in apple-pie order, and he began himself, after his unusual exertions, to feel somewhat of an unusual appetite, "we sleep as if we liked it. I expect she is used to it," and creeping in on tiptoes, the man of law seated himself on the edge of the bed.

That poor notary, in his threadbare coat, in his russet cap, pale, with no feature of outward show to recommend him, what an admirable, what a beautiful picture did he present. In his heart there was more beauty than in a Madonna of Raffaelle. To see him gazing tenderly, anxiously, upon that little child, examining every feature of its little face, he seemed some guardian angel, so subdued, so eloquent was his mute patience.

Presently the child grew restless, moved, raised its diminutive hand to its little face, rubbing it as if to chase away slumber, and then woke.

"Mamma!" were its first words.

"Ta! ta!" said the poor notary, somewhat puzzled; "I had forgotten, babes do usually have mothers!"

The child heard the strange voice, looked, saw the strange face, and began to cry.

"*Mon Dieu!* what shall I do," exclaimed Caronde, taking it in his arms and beginning to sing, at the same time bearing it into the other room. At the sight of the well furnished table, the child paused. It was evidently hungry. Caronde was delighted, and, seating himself, soon found that his little friend had an appetite which promised much for its health.

"I see we shall do favourably. Bravo, Caronde, you make a capital nurse."

In fact, in a very short time, the child seemed perfectly reconciled; but Caronde's ways were so amusing; he plied it so perseveringly with food, he laughed, he played all kinds of queer antics, he made faces ugly enough to have frightened a horse, and the little thing, tickled irresistibly by the notary's fun, laughed too, until, what with laughing, eating, and playing with its new guardian, the young creature once more fell asleep.

"This goes famously, like a watch," said Caronde, as he put away the supper things; "and now for the packet and the money, let us put them away."

In the purse were a hundred louis d'ors.

"An inexhaustible treasure," said the notary.

On the packet were written these words: *Palabras Milagrosas!*

"Very queer words," said the notary.

HUMPHRY DAVY'S EXPERIMENTS AT BRISTOL.

A more persevering and enthusiastic experimentalist than Mr. Davy, the whole kingdom could not have produced; an admission which was made by all who knew him; many of his experiments were in the highest degree hazardous. He seemed to act, as if in case of sacrificing one life, he had two or three others in reserve, on which he could fall back, in case of necessity. He sometimes so excited my fears, that I half despaired of seeing him alive the next morning. He has been known sometimes to breathe a deadly gas, with his finger on his pulse, to determine how much could be borne, before a serious delension occurred in the vital action. After his experiments in breathing the nitrous oxide, he determined even to hazard a trial with the deadly nitrous gas. For this purpose he placed in a bag, "one hundred and fourteen cubic inches of nitrous gas," and knowing that unless he exhausted his lungs of the atmospheric air, its oxygen would unite with the nitrous gas, and produce in his lungs aqua-fortis, he resolved to expel if possible, the whole of the atmospheric air from his lungs, by some contrivance of his own. For this purpose, in a second bag, he placed seven quarts of nitrous oxide, and made from it three inspirations, and three expirations, and then instantly transferred his mouth to the nitrous gas bag, and turning the stop-cock, took one inspiration. This gas, in passing through his mouth and fauces, burnt his throat, and produced such a spasm in the epiglottis, as to cause him instantly to desist, when, in breathing the common air, aqua-fortis was really formed in his mouth, which burnt his tongue, palate, and injured his teeth. Mr. D. says, "I never design again to repeat so rash an experiment." But though this experiment might not be repeated, there was one other nearly as dangerous, to which Mr. Davy's love of science prompted him to resort; not by trying it on another but generously on himself. Mr. D. wanted to determine whether the carburetted hydrogen gas was so destructive to animal life as had been represented. In its pure state, one inspiration of this gas was understood to destroy life, but Mr. Davy mixed three quarts of the gas, with two quarts of atmospheric air, and then breathed the whole for nearly a minute. This produced only slight effects, (nothing to an experimental chemist), merely "giddiness, pain in the head, loss of voluntary power," &c. The spirit of inquiry not being repressed by these trifling inconveniences, Mr. Davy was now emboldened to introduce into his green bag, four quarts of carburetted hydrogen gas, nearly pure. After exhausting his lungs in the usual way, he made two inspirations of this gas. The first inspiration produced numbness and loss of feeling in the chest. After the second, he lost all power of perceiving external things, except a terrible oppression on his chest, and he seemed sinking fast to death! He just had consciousness enough to remove the mouth-piece from his unclosed lips, when he became wholly insensible. After breathing the common air for some time, consciousness was restored, and Mr. Davy faintly uttered, as a consolation to his then attendant (Mr. John Tobin), "I do not think I shall die." Such are some of the appalling hazards encountered by Mr. Davy, in his intrepid investigation of the gases. These destructive experiments, during his residence at Bristol, probably produced those affections of the chest, to which he was subject through life, and which, beyond all question, shortened his days.—*Cottle's Recollections of Coleridge.*

A STORY ABOUT KIT CUCUMBER,

THE MAN WHO NEVER GOT INTO A PASSION.

One of the pleasantest, merriest fellows in existence was Kit,—or, as all who didn't presume to abbreviate sponsorial appellations used to call him—Christopher Cucumber. You know him, of course, everybody knew him; and a great and insurmountable obstacle it would have been to everybody's social happiness if they hadn't known him. Such a blithe, sparkling-eyed, joking, chatty fellow was Kit. You had only to get him seated behind a meerschaum on one side of the fireplace and perch yourself on the other, and away went the fretting annoyances of the day in the first puff of smoke—corns, quarter-days,

tax-gatherers, unremitted accounts and all, completely routed from the field of memory by Kit's artillery of good humour. Now and then some peevish or grating care would obstinately attempt to contest the ground and rally the hypochondriac forces, but it was no use battling against such long odds; Kit had only to puff and joke, and joke and puff, and there was the victory gained at once without further trouble. Kit's temper too was even as a bowling-green; his most intimate acquaintances never saw him ruffled or discomposed in the slightest degree. He rebounded like a racket-ball from all the sturdy blows dame fortune gave him, and as to any attempt at depressing his flow of spirits by all ordinary means, the very notion was perfectly utopian. Kit was a human Jack-in-the-box, with one of those very elastic spiral coils of wire twined about his heart. Press him downwards one moment and up he was the next, with all the pertinacious indifference of those red and green gentry belonging to the toy aforesaid; and then as for joking Kit was the very personification of "The Complete Jester," a perfect peripatetic proof of the doctrine of transmigration, inasmuch as the soul of every wittiism descended from Mr. Joseph Miller had by a novel metempsychosis entered into his corporeal being. Such quaint contortions of Walker, such queer quiddities of language, and such a flashing exuberance of mirth, never flowed from any other lips in the way they did from Kit's. He was the individual embodiment of fun, and would have reduced to a state of facetious destitution every "Mr. Merryman" that ever existed, had they dared to enter the lists with him. But we have a story to tell about Kit, and it is this:—

Shrinking back from the din and bustle of the Strand and Fleet-street, and occupying a modest station behind the pillars that complete a kind of equilateral triangle with Holywell-street and Temple-bar, there have been visible, since the early days of Justice Shallow, a sober assemblage of houses known unto the indwellers and their visitors as Clement's-inn. The monotony of their dull and sombre brickwork is only occasionally relieved by huge portals surmounted with a staring black numeral, and dusty casements sprinkled in regular order over the walls, amid which dusky window-panes and dingy muslin curtains are dimly perceptible. In one of the corner recesses of this secluded spot, there might have been observed, at the period we speak of, an inscription on one of the white pillars which sentinelled the door-way, to the effect that on the third story thereof one Christopher Cucumber resided, and any street sceptic who presumed to doubt the veracity of the inscription on the door-post would have found, by ascending to the landing on the third flight, the intimation confirmed by a repetition of the letters composing our hero's name being duly emblazoned on a massive black door which formed the exterior boundary of the aforesaid Cucumber's chambers. Not that Kit had anything to do with the law, nor in fact that he had any ostensible profession whatever; but rejoicing in all the liberty of action and freedom of will common to bachelors in general, and to Kit in particular, he had taken up his domicile in that region with a view to exercise his privileges to their fullest extent; with a small income derivable from some hereditary interest in the "Three per cents," a tolerably decent figure, and years that had not yet enabled him to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday, it was, perhaps, no wonder that Kit preserved the buoyancy of his animal spirits; but as the minor vexations of life seldom fail to disturb the equanimity of man, and as Kit had hitherto passed through every ordeal unscathed, it is not so surprising that amongst the numerous personages whose acquaintance he could boast, a *soubriquet* had become attached to him of "Kit Cucumber, the man who never got into a passion"—an enviable distinction, of which a mortal might naturally be proud.

Every man, however, hath his tempter at some period or other, and it appears that this was the season fixed upon by Kit's to pay him a domiciliary visit. Accordingly, one evening a peculiar knock at the outer door, sounding something like a postman's rat-tat, multiplied by two, was the intimation of his presence. Kit no sooner heard the signal than, recognising it as one of a code which had been conventionally established among a chosen few to ensure admission when the visited did'nt choose to be "at home" to others—Kit, we say, no sooner was conscious of the reduplicated percussion of his knocker, than jerking back his easy chair into one corner, and thrusting his meerschaum into another, he immediately proceeded to unfold the facilities of egress. On opening the door there appeared—no occasion for alarm really—Harry Sharpe, his old college chum, clad not exactly in the ominous red trunks, which Mephistopheles is said to have displayed to his victim Faust, but in the ordinary Codrington of everyday life, and without even a spark of red fire, save that which glowed at the extremity of his half-smoked principe.

"What! the immortal Harry?" exclaimed Kit, as he grasped his friend's digits, with a conviction that, notwithstanding his extravagant salutation, he was only shaking hands with corporeal clay like himself—"you are a good fellow for dropping in so speedily."

"Thought I should find you at home," responded the other, establishing himself in a chair by the fireplace, and familiarly naturalising his feet to the fender. "I've got a special communication for your particular ear."

"Blaze away!" said Kit, metaphorically, adopting the manner and tones of Mr. Paul Bedford, when he trundles one of his very bass notes out at one corner of his mouth, and sends it rumbling over the pit, whilst he squeaks a stray joke to Wright out at the other. "Emma faithless, or the governor severe—which?"

"Neither, my boy," returned his companion; "as for Emma, she is, as she ever was, the paragon of lovely constancy and constant loveliness; and as for the governor his assent to our marriage is as sure as quarter-day. You are on the right scent, however. Guess again."

"Impossible!" cried Kit, after a few moments' consideration, with his eyes intensely fixed on the ceiling, as if a mesmeric influence was expected to come out of the whitewash.

"Guess!" repeated the puzzle-propounder with increased energy.

"Can't," urged Kit, with redoubled emphasis; "must give it up; so light your pipe; mix yourself a glass of Hollands, and unfold."

"Well, then, you remember Emma's friend, Caroline Merton, that you used to be so fond of, when we did the amiable down at Grange Farm together."

"Remember her! I should think so; why, in everything from Pope Joan to the Lancers, she was the only partner that I ever cared about; knitting or nutting, bonnet-building or blackberrying, Carry Merton and I were inseparable. But, alas! fate was unkind, and Caroline went out to India when I came to Clement's-inn."

"All a delusion, my dear fellow, she merely exercised her feminine prerogative—altered her mind—and settled at Maidstone instead of Madras. Emma saw her the other day; gave her an invitation to the Farm; wrote to me to bring you down, if I could, or bring myself if I couldn't, and to-morrow morning *I* propose starting."

"*We*," emphasised Kit—"we, Harry; by all means make it the plural, and bother Zimmerman! I see—first Gravesend, boat from Blackwall; then van to Maidstone—then walk to Grange, through hop-gardens and cornfields; then hearty welcome from farmer Lambert, and blushing recognitions from Carry; then songs from Carry, and piano accompaniment from Emma, Mrs. Sharpe that is to be; then moonlight stroll through the orchard with Carry, old loves, old memories, and all that sort of thing; then back to the farmer's cosy fireside; brandy and water, pipes, jokes, duets, and all that sort of thing, then—but, hang it, Harry, I'm out of breath with my raptures already."

"Well, better that than out of temper, Kit, which, I believe, no one ever saw you yet. What the deuce *is* your secret? I'd give the world—at least with Emma out of it—to be as unruffled by the petty annoyances of life as you are."

"All a habit, my dear boy; nothing ever worries me. I defy any vexation to wrinkle my complacent smoothness—I always take things easy."

Happy Kit! but he only spoke the truth. He *had* taken everything easy—very easy—up to the period at which the conversation above recorded took place; but how often does a pitfall await the unconscious traveller along life's dusty road! How often, in gathering the last rose, do we feel the avenging thorn when least expected! But to snap short the chain of similes into which moral reflections are always apt to lead us, we may as well leave Kit and his companion to enjoy their converse privately and singly together, whilst we seize the opportunity to say something about the ladies that formed the principal subject of discussion.

(To be continued.)

Milton's Sonnets.—Traces indeed of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an unexpected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed for ever, led him to musings, which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterise these little pieces, remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy—the noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse. The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel.—*Macaulay.*

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

So that little bough stood still,
Though the slightest wind would shake it;
And seemed like to rest until
It should crumble and so tumble,
If no perching bird should break it;
For it certainly must moulder
Ere it should be greatly older.

On the bough I fixed mine eyes,
Thinking nothing of the bough:
I was in a pleasant dream
Musing o'er the poet's theme;
Travelling under his command
Through the walks of fairy land,
Careless whether led or how.
Hearing things that were not heard;
Seeing things that were not seen;
Mixed in facts where none occurred,
Caused by powers that ne'er have been.

Both mine eyes remained as still
As the branch whereon they gazed;
But if there they fed their fill
'Twas not by mine act of will;
For the forces of my mind
All to fancy's power resigned,
In her labyrinths so were mazed,
As to not be 'ware, from thence,
Of the appeals of outward sense.
All my powers at once concurred
To receive the Circe's law;
So I heard not what I heard,
And I saw not what I saw.

But, as one who sleeps and dreams,
Does not hear the voice, at first,
From his slumber that would wake him;
Yet at last the spells forsake him,
That so long unconscious make him,
And his charmed senses burst
Into life and into light,
Not at once but by degrees:—
So my mind resumed its sight
In that cabinet of trees;
And at first I seemed to see,
And at last could well discover,
(Though the while mine eyes had not
Wavered from the self same spot)
Something it was strange should be
Suddenly along with me,
Underneath our broad green cover:
Even a little knaggy man,
With a colour like a toad's,
And a skin of knots and nodes,
Full of wrinkles, full of crinkles,
Full of nuts like periwinkles;
All his face was seamed and notched,
All his body blained and blotched,
All his substance looked like tan.

Dwindled, spindled, warted, weasend;
Scaly, scald, sclerotic, scraggy;
Old, decayed, and out of seasoned;
Rusty, crusty, snubbed and snaggy;
All his form was cranked and crooked
So that he was not well looked.
His eyes were sunk, his nose was snubby,
His lips were chopped, his teeth were jagged.
His brows were whelked, his cheeks were scrubby.
His pate was bald, his beard was shagged.
His beard was shagged long and thick—
When it was combed was hard to determine;
Now it was full of ends of stick,
Of woodlice and earwigs and all sorts of vermin.

All his body from head to heel
Rather than skin was clothed with peel,
And covered with lumps and bumps and boles,
Filled with crannies and nooks and holes.
His arms together were crossed and fitted
As well as their sinuous forms admitted,
And his fists below the wrists,
Were all made out with twirls and twists,
Furnished, just as the circumstance comes,
With one or two fingers and two or three thumbs.
A sprout of flesh, as mistletoe sprouts,
Grew from the shoulders of this strange elf;
If of this you have any doubts
Wait till you see the man yourself.
Then his legs were bent and bowed,
Greened and blacked, blistered and cracked,
And beneath his knees they showed
'Stead of garters cankerous rings,
Which, though not ideal things,
Must be mentioned since a fact.
And his feet so clubby, knubby,
Seem'd embedded where the grass—
(Freshened by the drops that pass
Lightly tickling earth with trickling)—
Grew into a tangled mass,
Sluggy, beetley, wormy, grubby.
Filled with all the slimy class.

At the little old man I looked,
And the little old man at me:
One so bent and curved and crooked
It was comical to see;
'Specially in such a spot,
Where two minutes erst, I wot,
Such a little old man was not.

By the little old man's eyes,
And the wrinkling of his lips,
And his most lugubrious air,
I at the first became aware,
That sure as grass and birds and song
To the rocks and woods belong,—
Sure as wax pertains to bees,
And their foliage to the trees,—
Ships to seas and shrouds to ships;
He had some deep-seated woes
Which he wanted to disclose;
Though a certain want of ease—
Being perhaps unused to talking,—
This intent was plainly baulking:
So I thought if I brought
The conversation about myself,
That which he sought might so be wrought,
And thus I should aid this crooked old elf.

So, as I sat down on my moss-cushioned stone,
I made him a bow as low as my knees,
And spoke in exceedingly affable tone,
Which I hoped might set him at once at his ease.
"My worthy old man"—I thus began,—
"I'm happy to see you in this green spot:
This shade's at present remarkably pleasant,
Because the day's remarkably hot.
I'm sorry very you don't seem merry:
Pray you discuss to me why are you not?
If I to your grief afford relief
The salve to your wound will be easily got."
The little old man he breathed a sigh
Like the wind in a brake of fern;
A lobe of gum oozed out of his eye,
As he writhed his lips to utter reply;
And screwing his cheek and his brown valves winking,
Where his little hard eyes were blinking,
(To aid him to speak and to help him in thinking)
These were the words I got in return:
But the voice in which he spoke
Was like the sough of an aged oak,
Just before its roots are blown
Out of their chamber of earth and stone.

(*To be continued.*)

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FLAMES.

He pondered over his new friend, the young Moor, so elegant, so distinguished, who had said, "my brother," "it is good," &c., and these words acted upon him as an incentive to a virtuous course of life, very dissimilar to his recent career. Pedralvi had been but as a companion, a friend, but the stranger had been to him, as it were, a superior being, a divinity. He could barely persuade himself that all was not a dream, and as he, almost unconsciously, pressed the tablet to his heart, he cherished the thought, so new to him, that there was one in the world interested in his future destiny. Suddenly the fact crossed his brain that he could not read. Of what service was the tablet to him in this predicament? He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that he could get it read for him on the following day by some wayfarer. At length, overcome by the fatigues of the day, he chose a secluded nook in the forest, and firmly clasping the treasured tablet in his hand, he fell fast asleep on the grass, thinking of the unknown, lulled by the gentle waving of the foliage and the refreshing perfume of a summer's night.

The morning air was heavy and suffocating, indicative of a day of more intense heat even than the preceding. The clouds were charged with electricity, rendering respiration difficult. Piquillo, labouring under the influence of these oppressive sensations, awoke suddenly with a start. It was broad day. But what was his amazement on awaking to find himself in the presence of that arch-demon Juan Baptista Balseiro, who held him tight by the throat.

The captain was in a very sorry plight, covered with blood, blackened by powder, and his clothes in tatters. He held in his hand the tablet and the purse he had torn from Piquillo whilst he slept, and looking at them contentedly, and with a ferocious laugh—

"Ah! ah!" said he, "you thought to escape me! You thought me dead, perchance. You have commenced betimes, my fine fellow, to betray those who succoured you, and to denounce them as spies, like an alguazil."

"Me!" exclaimed Piquillo, trembling.

"Yes, you. Yonder soldiers that you sent us very nearly realised the prediction of your accomplice — that cursed heretic and sorcerer the Moor Gongarello, who shall yet pay the penalty."

"Sir captain, I am ignorant of what you are speaking."

"Well, well, there's no use prevaricating; *we will settle our accounts* now, as the barber observed. Sent by you, and guided by the instructions you doubtless gave them, they found the way to the inn of Good Rest, and as I declined surrendering, they set it on fire: yes, the royal soldiers set it on fire. That rascal Gongarello predicted that I should be burnt to death, and you two set your heads together to realise the augury."

"Listen," said Piquillo.

"Did they listen?" said the captain; "did they not fire upon us as we struggled to escape the flames? May hell exterminate them along with those who suffered themselves to be entrapped like foxes gone to earth. These royal soldiery calculated on securing me with the rest, but I gave them the slip. I expect I am the only one that did, out of the lot, in the midst of the heavy firing. And, mind you, I shall not yet be hanged, but live, Master Piquillo, to perform the hangman's office upon you!"

"I am not guilty, indeed I am not—I swear it to you," cried the terrified Piquillo. "Listen."

"Do you take me for a corregidor, or a counsel learned in the law?" rejoined the captain, coldly. "Think you that I am going to listen to *your* lies? No, no; I have fully resolved that you, that satanic barber that was with you, and especially that incendiary Don Fernando d'Albayda, shall die the death I have designed for them; and I mean to finish you to begin with!"

Holding Piquillo with one hand, he tore up some pliant osiers with the other, to make a rope with. Having collected some half dozen or so of the finest, he composedly amused himself by fastening them together, previously taking the precaution to throw Piquillo on the ground, and to sit upon him, so as to prevent all chance of escape. So situated, the poor captive ran a fair risk of suffocation, from the enormous weight he had to bear. The captain, paying no attention to his groans, and evidently gratified by this novel mode of torture, continued his labour of love quite contentedly, whistling a jocund Castilian air.

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, I do implore you!" bitterly exclaimed Piquillo, in a suffocating tone.

"Have mercy, quotha?" responded the monster. "By my mother Geronima! yes, yes, I'll have mercy on you! It is my firm resolve to confer on you an immense favour. I purpose giving you a very exalted position indeed, my pretty captive starling. But, hark you! I like to be generous. You shall have your choice on which of yonder oaks you will swing."

Piquillo made no reply to this brutal raillery, seeing it was all hopeless to try to mollify the heart of this insatiate tiger.

"Look you, Piquillo," continued the captain, after having completed his rope, "do you see, on the margin of that road in the distance, that magnificent oak towering to the skies? That tree, possessing all the requisite advantages, will serve to shade your delicate person from the scorching sun! what say you?"

Piquillo made no answer.

"Just at a convenient distance from the ground there's a branch, too, that will serve magnificently to bear your weight, and seems, indeed, to have been created expressly for the purpose; and besides, should your friend of the tablet chance to pass this way, he will enjoy the happiness of seeing you in a very comfortable position, and of learning, also, how Juan Baptista avenges a wrong. Yes, that will do very nicely indeed, and with heaven's assistance—"

Piquillo understood that he was about to die, and he gave his last thoughts to the unknown.

Here the captain was interrupted by the report of a gun in the forest. Although the sound was distant, it was more than probable that he who fired the gun would pass in the immediate vicinity of the spot above described. The captain accordingly jumped instinctively to reconnoitre. Not being far from the tree which the captain had so picturesquely pourtrayed, Piquillo, liberated of his burden, started off, and sprang up its branches like a cat, and in an incredibly short space of time found himself perched on a branch some twenty feet from the ground. Piquillo had recourse to this attempt at escape, feeling convinced that the captain, in consequence of his corpulence, could not follow him. He was not wrong in his calculations, for the bandit, furious with rage, halted at the root of the tree, whilst the fugitive, breathless, but in comparative safety, continued his ascent.

"Come down, you young scoundrel," shrieked the baffled bandit, drawing a long pistol from his side, the last weapon he had left; "come down, and I will pardon you, and if you refuse I will shoot you to a certainty."

Piquillo was perfectly conscious of the dangers of his novel position, but dreadful as they were, they were not so terrible as those he had just escaped. As for trusting to the clemency of the captain, that was the last thing he dreamt of, and so he determined to try if, by stratagem, he could possibly save his life. The captain, meanwhile, kept dodging round the trunk of the tree to get a fair aim at his target, whilst Piquillo, carefully watching the movements of his fearful adversary, concealed himself as well as he could behind the branches. At length the captain, seizing a favourable opportunity, fired, and a shriek of horror immediately succeeded the report of the pistol. Piquillo fell headlong, and Juan Baptista gave one joyous shout of savage triumph—as the hyena howls with delight when it has secured its prey. But the captain had *not* secured his prey. The ball had simply shattered the lofty branch on which Piquillo was placed, and down they came together; but, happily, in their descent, the branch and its weight were arrested by the huge limbs of the oak which stretched out between the captain and the object of his aim. Piquillo responded, in a spirit of prophetic composure, to the triumphant exclamation that had escaped the bandit.

"Juan Baptista," said he, "you have been without pity for a helpless child, but rest assured that child will live to become a man, and, in his turn, will evince no mercy towards you. Remain as long as you please below; but the time will come when my cries from this asylum will attract some traveller to the spot, and then justice will have its course. You—an assassin—a bandit—an arrant coward—for you have assailed a defenceless child, who has defeated you."

"Ah! war! war!" rejoined the captain, with a roar of laughter which echoed through the forest; "he challenges me to the combat, and I am not loath to accept it. The cost of the campaign shall be defrayed by the enemy, for have I not in my possession this smart purse crammed with doubloons, and this elegant tablet with one solitary name thereon inscribed?—the name, doubtless, of one who offers you protection and wealth, for I know him to be one of the wealthiest men in Spain. I rejoice that he has dared to offer you an asylum, for that very offer has sealed his death-warrant."

At this idea Piquillo uttered a shriek of despair.

"And," continued the captain, "hope not to frustrate my plans of revenge; your hour is come. You have chosen that tree for a shelter; you refused to be hanged—the refuge you have chosen shall prove your funeral pyre."

Piquillo could not at first conceive what the bandit meant, but he was, alas! very soon let into the mystery.

"Ah! you proclaim war, do you? you shall have it to your heart's content," continued the captain, collecting round the tree all the dried wood and foliage with which the forest abounded. "War! war! you wished it, be satisfied," and he laughed with his infernal laugh; "it will soon be lit." While Piquillo watched with uneasy and alarmed thoughts these preparations, the

brigand proceeded; and having collected a large heap, he quietly took from his pocket a flint, and struck it sharply over the pile, smiling contentedly, and resuming his merry Castilian ditty. The mass got shortly ignited, and gradually the dense smoke ascended in spiral columns. For some time the green branches arrested the progress of the flames, but the fiend by their side fed them diligently, and a strong wind that unhappily rose at that critical moment, but too successfully aided the efforts of the demon. The tree became first covered with a black and viscous sweat, the froth oozed forth soon to disappear, then the branches gave forth a crackling sound, some breaking and giving food to the flames; to heighten the scene of horror, dark clouds began to dim the light of day. He thought that the smoke alone would suffocate his victim. Presently Piquillo was completely hid from his enemy by the thick smoke that surrounded him. Not a sound, saving an occasional scream of dread and agony, and the crackling of the burning timber, disturbed the silence of this awful scene. The merciless Baptista still fed the flames incessantly. At last, tired of his task, and having taken it for granted that Piquillo lay smothered above, or even if he attempted to descend, he would be burnt alive, he left him to his fate, rejoicing at the success of his horrible project. Moreover, it was not improbable that the glaring beacon that occasionally burst forth, lighting up the dismal forest, would attract travellers and lead to his discovery. He therefore thought it prudent to retire, and casting one more anxious look at the infernal pyramid he had erected, he soon disappeared in the tangled forest.

Piquillo, meanwhile, as the devouring flames gradually approached him, climbed higher and higher to avoid them. The tree was an immense one, its topmost branches towering to the skies; but still, as upwards he went, the destructive element gained fast upon him. The feathered denizens of the adjacent trees sought safety in flight; but alas! he could not follow them. Perched at the greatest height he could possibly attain, he tremblingly contemplated the fearful death he now saw no chance of averting. He had seen the captain disappear, but he had left his work too well accomplished to extend any hope of escape by descent. At one time, as a *dernier resort*, he thought of climbing to the extremity of one of the broadest branches, and dropping himself clear of the frightful furnace beneath him; but then, again, he remembered the tremendous height he had to fall. To complete the hopelessness of the position, the oak was too far apart from any other tree to permit of his leaping from one to the other. Thus debarred of all possible chance of escape, the poor little fellow's heart failed him outright, and he burst into tears. From whom now could he seek solace and soothing? He was alone in the world! alone!—and *yet* one ray of hope cheered his sinking heart. Juanita, when surrounded by danger and imminent death, had appealed for succour to the God of her fathers. Why should he not do the same? And, thereupon, whilst still the ruthless flames ascended, he cast his eyes to heaven, and in the full bitterness of his broken spirit, prayed aloud.

"Oh! my God; oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "to die so young, just when the joys of life were bursting upon me! When this very night such sweet dreams lulled my sleep. Oh, suffer me to live, that, by the virtuous future, I may blot out the crimes of the past. All is ended! I die!"

And still the flames ascended.

"Have I not, oh heaven! been bereft of all earthly bliss—a vagabond wanderer, with the street for my country, and the pavement for my home—without the love and tenderness of a mother; seeking my bread in sorrow, and taking it, by stern necessity, from the hands of a robber. If I have erred in society so contaminating—oh! suffer me yet to live that I may wash away the stain. Have pity on me, oh, my God."

And still the flames ascended.

"Oh! if I could but escape the terrific death that faces me—could but fly from the flames so fast surrounding me, and the merciless smoke suffocating me by degrees—if I could but escape these appalling terrors, the rest of my days should be devoted to thy service. I would employ them in no selfish pursuits, but for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. This do I pledge myself to fulfil faithfully. I would do for them what thou hast done for me. Listen then, my only protector, to these my earnest supplications, and suffer me yet to live. Oh! protect me in this hour of agony and peril."

And still the flames ascended.

CHAPTER IX.—DELIVERANCE.

Still the flames ascended! But higher still ascended the fervent prayer of the perishing child. God no doubt, had heard that prayer, and his mercy answered it; for a heavy storm which had been threatening all the morning, suddenly burst over the tree in which Piquillo had taken refuge, in one terrible clap of thunder, and torrents of rain fell, extinguishing the fire that had all but reached its victim. In the exuberance of his joy, with eyes uplifted to the source of this timely aid, he exclaimed, "Heaven has heard me, and wills that I should be an honest man."

The tempest continued to rage for a full hour, and right gratefully did Piquillo welcome the cataracts of rain that rescued him from his impending fate; with what joy—what gratitude—he contemplated this new deluge. The blazing branches were all successively extinguished, and presently a pool of water was formed at the base of the oak where but now a huge furnace existed. Piquillo commenced his descent when he perceived the flames had ceased to blaze; but the descent was by no means an easy matter. The copious fall of rain had rendered the branches slippery, and others, by the action of the fire, had become brittle, and would break even under the slight weight of Piquillo. When he had got about half-way down, and was congratulating himself on his safe arrival on *terra firma*, he heard, amid the howling of the tempest, the trampling footsteps of a man advancing towards the spot. His progress was impeded by the mud, and he helped himself onwards by leaning on a double barrelled carbine, which he held in his hand. Worn with fatigue, he halted immediately beneath the oak on which Piquillo was still a captive. Presently taking off his cap to wipe away the rain and the perspiration which poured down his brow, he gave utterance to a horrible imprecation; the voice, which Piquillo knew so well, was that of Caralo the bandit! The wretched captive who was dreaming of life and liberty on the oak, tried to conceal himself behind the little foliage the fire had left.

"Ah!" said he, "Heaven has not heard me yet, and I am still doomed to die."

The brigand remained motionless, leaning against the tree as if in the act of listening. Piquillo could not at first exactly comprehend the object of this deep silence and profound attention; which, however, saved him, as it prevented his looking upwards; but presently, in the distance, he perceived a carriage dragged by four stout mules approaching them down the road, The postillion had much tough work to get through, for the road was rendered extremely heavy by the storm. As the carriage neared the spot, Piquillo hesitated whether it would be good policy to cry aloud for help. He abstained from doing so, knowing that it would betray his whereabout, and Caralo would most assuredly give him the benefit of one, if not of both of the barrels of his ugly carbine, and then, in all probability, escape unscathed into the heart of the forest.

He was disturbed in these reflections by a noise that made him tremble on the tree. Caralo, who was not by any means a man given to thinking on such occasions, prepared for action. When the carriage which was a costly one, heavily laden with luggage) was within a few paces of the bandit, he saw, at a glance, that there were but three persons in it, an old man and two young girls. It being evident that the postillion, a stout young Galician, was the only one likely to offer any obstinate resistance, Caralo shot him dead on the spot, and levelling his second barrel at the window of the carriage, which was then immediately facing the tree, he called aloud to the old man—

"Your purse, and the ladies' jewellery!"

The door of the carriage was opened, and out came a grey-headed gentleman with a stern cast of features, and placing himself before the young ladies by way of rampart, drew a hunting knife from its scabbard.

"Down with your arms," exclaimed the bandit.

"Never!" rejoined the gentleman.

"Resistance is perfectly useless; your purse and down with your arms, or I'll shoot you."

"Fire away," replied the old man, "Don Juan d'Aguilar will never surrender to a rascally bandit like you."

"You shall have it, sir, since you wish it," replied Caralo, levelling his carbine slowly.

"My father!—my friend!" exclaimed the terrified young girls, trying to leap from the carriage.

"The children are right," said the bandit, coldly. "Why, old man, you are not worth the powder in this barrel. I don't exact at your hands homilies and morality; all I want is the gold and silver you have about you; as for that iron, which is useless for both—down with it; and make haste, for I am in a hurry."

By way of rejoinder to these remarks, the old gentleman made a thrust with his sabre at the bandit.

"Come!" exclaimed Caralo, "we must finish this." And, leaning against the tree, he took a deliberate aim, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when Piquillo dropped himself heavily on the uplifted arm of the bandit, and thus turned away the shot in a contrary direction. Though astounded, at first, at this wholly unexpected attack from above, he speedily recovered himself, and, seizing his new opponent, cast him on the ground roughly, exclaiming, in utter amazement at the sight of Piquillo,—

"'Tis him, indeed; this time at all events he shall not escape my vengeance"

And thereupon, with one foot on the trembling body of his feeble adversary, he was about to break his head with the butt end of his carbine, when a hand, vigorous in its old age, sent a sword, up to the hilt, into the body of the bandit. Caralo had

got his quietus; for, with one howl of rage and agony, he rolled over—a corpse!

"Ah! ah! that word was of no use to either of us, but the wild beast is slain," exclaimed the old gentleman. "I have hunted them before now, but never such a dangerous one. But what's the matter with you, my child, my Carmen? Oh! she has fainted, poor thing. Aixa, you who have more presence of mind, bring her to her senses, while I go to the assistance of our young defender yonder, the poor little tattered beggar, who has in him more courage than strength."

And the gouty old gentleman hobbled up towards Piquillo, who, though bruised, was not much hurt, and in rising offered his arm to Don Juan d'Aguilar.

"Why, I was coming to your assistance, my little fellow, and you come again to mine. Who are you?"

"Piquillo."

"Your business!"

"I have none."

"Who are your parents?"

"Alas! I have none."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the top of that tree."

"Do you dwell there?"

"I have since this morning."

Juan d'Aguilar looked at the oak, the trunk and branches of which were charred by the fire, and said, smilingly,

"Your dwelling is in a sadly dilapidated condition; and I offer you, if you will accept of it, a somewhat better one at my house in Pampeluna."

Joy and gratitude sparkled in Piquillo's eyes, and so choked was he for utterance, that all he could do was to press his new master's hand to his lips. Meanwhile they had reached the carriage, and Carmen having recovered from her fainting fit, leaped from the carriage, and threw herself on her father's neck, who was so overwhelmed with the caresses of both the young ladies, that it would be difficult to decide which of the two was his daughter. Piquillo stood by the door, calmly contemplating a scene of tenderness so perfectly novel to him. He had never beheld such exquisite loveliness as that on which he now gazed. Juanita, who had hitherto been his paragon, sunk down to a very ordinary person indeed. One, to his thinking, was of earth; the other was heavenly. And when the young ladies fixed their radiant eyes upon him, sparkling with kindly feeling and gratitude, and thanked him for his opportune assistance, and complimented him on the courage he had displayed in their cause, he felt a sensation he had never before experienced, and could not possibly define. Understanding that he was parentless and desolate, without resources or home.

"Ah! how happy," exclaimed Carmen.

"He will owe every thing to us," said Aixa.

"We will take him with us," added Don Juan d'Aguilar; "henceforth he shall be one of our household—he shall be my page. But in the interim," continued the old man looking at the Gallician, who lay grim and prostrate on the turf, "I wonder if our new page can perform the office of a postillion?"

"Most assuredly," exclaimed Piquillo, closing the door of the carriage, and jumping on one of the mules, which he encouraged with voice and gesture. Getting them into a gallop, he speedily cleared the forest, and on the following day, happier than the king of Spain, with a proud air, a glad heart and doublet in rags, he entered the city of Pampeluna.

"Where shall I drive to?" he asked of his new master. "To the viceroy's palace," cried the two girls.

THE REFORMATION.

If the motives of Henry VIII, in commencing the Reformation, may be accused of selfishness, cupidity, and revenge, the conduct of Luther is not altogether free from similar imputations. When Leo X, by the lavish expenditure in which he gratified his love of luxurious magnificence, found his treasury exhausted, he devised a scheme for raising money by selling indulgences, which were to free the purchaser from the pains of purgatory, and, by paying an advanced price, his friends might be included in the immunity. This traffic was carried on in many parts of Europe; and in Saxony, the Augustine friars were, at first, made sole "consignees" (to speak commercially) of these spiritual commodities,—an agency which ensured them, by way of commission, considerable profit. The Pope's minister, however, suspecting the accuracy of their accounts, transferred the lucrative business to the Dominicans. Martin Luther, being an Augustine monk, was indignant that he and his brethren had been deprived of so much good trade, and immediately denounced the efficacy of the indulgences; and, being of a fiery temper, soon proceeded to greater acts of insubordination, and at length denied the Pope's authority altogether. The Reformation, great and beneficial as its influence has been, originated both in Germany and England from questionable motives; Luther's subsequent conduct, however, in great measure redeemed its commencement. That of Henry was throughout tyrannical and vile. He slaughtered indifferently the advocates of both sides of the religious dispute. The learned Bishop Fisher, and the able and

conscientious Sir Thomas More, were executed for refusing the oath of supremacy with which the king had invested himself; while at the same time, he condemned many Protestants to the stake. His resentment, moreover, against all who had ever impugned the royal authority, carried him to the enormous folly of causing the bones of Thomas à Becket (whose rich shrine he had pillaged) to be cited into court, when the saint was condemned as a traitor, his name erased from the calendar, and sentence of burning pronounced on his bones! This surely was the act of a madman, no less than of a tyrant. But in whatever way Henry gratified his royal will, no opposition was manifested by the people, who witnessed with wonder, but with entire submission, the victims of popery and protestantism dragged in couples to the stake or to the scaffold. The Reformation in England, therefore, although the first blow to popery was struck by Henry, did not bear its good fruit in his reign. Its consummation was reserved for a later period.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Reviews.

The British Friend of India Magazine, May.

[Sherwood and Co.]

The staple subjects of this magazine are the Rajah of Sattara and George Thompson—George Thompson and the Rajah of Sattara. This is the less to be wondered at when we know that the work is edited by the honourable proprietor himself, whose reiterated motion in connection with the dethroned prince, is the nuisance of the Indian house. The present number opens with a pretended report of a meeting, in reality a series of libels on all those opposed to Mr. Thompson, and very laudatory of the worthy gentleman himself. In the first place Sir Henry Willock, K.L.S., the worthy and excellent late chairman of the board of directors, one who has ever shown his readiness to aid the cause of justice and good government in India, is mercilessly assailed in language little creditable to the honourable proprietor, whose florid and inflated style peeps forth in every line. Next we are favoured with some aspersions on Mr. Hogg, whose knowledge of Indian politics is one strong argument that his opposition to the Sattara Rajah is founded on justice. Major Randall, who spoke with the warmth of a soldier on the occasion of the vote of thanks to the army, is next taken to pieces; while the benevolent and gentle Mr. Poynder is equally subjected to the literary tomahawk of the honourable proprietor. But all this falls very harmless. The country knows well how to discriminate between politicians of known and tried ability and men of such shallow abilities as George Thompson, whose sole motive in editing a magazine appears to be, to give publicity to his own peculiar views, as well as to reprint, or rather report, his own speeches. Perhaps there is meaning in this. We know not, but it may be they are reported nowhere else. We look in vain in this publication for any information of a solid character in connection with India, the subject it professes to be about. In this it is not singular, for both journals and magazines exhibit generally a lamentable ignorance on this great and important dependance of the British Crown. The "Foreign Quarterly Review" is the only exception we know of among the reviews of the day.

The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece. By James Augustus St. John, Esq.

[Bentley: London.]

Everything that appertains to ancient Greece, must, from the nature of the subject, be invested with much interest, whether we consider it in relation to the wonderful achievements of its inhabitants, or to its natural beauty and lovely climate. To the scholar, the Greeks afford a never failing subject of investigation; to the orator, the most eloquent and polished speeches; to the rhetorician and philosopher, Greece opens her boundless stores of criticism and speculation. Few are acquainted with the influence which those ancient writers possess over the mind of christendom. Our best systems of philosophy, our noblest theories of politics, nay, everything which is admired is either directly or indirectly pervaded by the influence of the ancient Greeks. Their power is not so sensible as it is real; our architects and sculptors have received their greatest improvement from the study of the remains of Grecian and Roman art, from the latter they derived, no doubt, great benefit, but the Romans acquired their knowledge originally from the Greeks. But it is needless to continue on this theme, or to enumerate the benefits which our statesmen and poets have drawn from the study of Plato, Aristotle, Æschylus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and the host of other writers; their value is sufficiently proved by the joy and satisfaction that is felt, if even a few pages of the works of these ancient sages, supposed to be lost, are by any accident recovered. Possessing therefore such claims on the attentive consideration of the English people, and loving as we do anything that can throw light on the public and private lives of the inhabitants of Greece, our readers will well understand the delight

with which we perused these instructive and amusing volumes. Many very able authors have treated of the public life of the Hellenes, but Mr. St. John is the first, we believe, who has laid before the public so complete a picture of their domestic life. After a short and concise account of the peopling of the country, the character of its inhabitants, and of the chief cities, our author leads us at once to the domestic hearth. In reading, our fancy transports us to their homes; we attend on the Greeks at their birth; we behold the ceremonies that accompany the entrance of a soul into this teeming world of care; we follow the child into the nursery, we listen to the songs and catches that are sung to lull the young Alcibiades and Plato to sleep. Their toys are scattered around us, and we watch with the greatest interest the sports and pastimes of these babes, who, in after ages, shook the world with their renown. From this scene of infant pleasures the author leads us to the public schools. But before following the young Grecians further, we cannot help expressing our surprise at the numerous anecdotes and stories that are introduced. For our part, when we sit down to read a book, though very anxious to obtain all the information we possibly can, we yet like to be amused; we have not here dry treatises, but we have short and pithy accounts, written in an easy flowing style, rendered still more attractive by the variety of amusing matter interspersed throughout every chapter. There are also incidents introduced which would furnish materials for a variety of entertaining tales. The Greeks were, without doubt, a romantic people, a most extraordinary race. To return to the subject of education, from the public schools we accompany the students to the academy, and hear how the philosophers instructed their pupils. Modern schoolmasters, without any disparagement, might study this part of the work with great advantage. The portions that will perhaps principally interest our gentle readers are those which relate to women and rural life. Mr. St. John has devoted a whole book to the ladies. Numerous controversies have been held, facts, authorities, and arguments adduced, concerning the condition of the Hellenic women. In our minds, this book has settled the uncertainty which we previously felt. In an inquiry profound and searching, yet lively and amusing, abounding in instructive and entertaining details of the actual condition of the Grecian ladies, the author has indisputably settled the point. We are enthusiastic admirers of the fair sex; we love to read of them; we feel interested in everything that appertains to them. We have followed Mr. St. John with delight through his account of the mysteries of the toilette, the dress, the perfumes, the amusements, the occupations of the ladies. We are certain from what we have read that the author is inspired with the same fondness as we have for the most lovely of creation. And like all true admirers of the beautiful, Mr. St. John has written in a most gentlemanly and exquisitely delicate style. No coarseness, no unbecoming jest, offends the ear. But, as usual, we are dilating too much for our columns on this delightful subject. We must, therefore, turn to the other portion of the work, connected with the rural life. We are perhaps too apt to consider the Greeks as statesmen and philosophers, and to forget that they had all the feelings of other men. How delightful it is, after the months of toil spent in the busy pursuits of business in this dense metropolis, to leave care and work behind you, and, with your carpet bag in hand, to start for a month's trip in the country. How we notice everything, how we revel in the sunshine and hay fields, how delighted we feel to hear the songs of the birds. Everything we behold fills us with pleasure. If we feel thus on journeying into our country, how much more so must the Greeks have felt, in enjoying relaxation in their delightful climate! Though not apt to feel enthusiasm in reading a work, we cannot help giving vent to some of our feelings. The chapters on the rural life breathes of the scenery, balmy climate, and fill our imagination with delight. We wander through the fields and reach the farm-house; we visit its buildings, we view the labours of the agriculturist, we smell the odoriferous blossoms of the lemon and orange groves. Nothing is forgotten; the poultry, the cattle, the farm yard, churning butter and making cheese, are brought distinctly to our view. On leaving these we enter the gardens, and are delighted with the fragrance of the flowers, and the sight of the rich stores of esculent plants. But what we have always been most pleased with, even from our very childhood, we now approach—we refer to the orchards and vineyards. Mr. St. John mentions that he has visited the countries of the vine, and has accurately described what we ourselves have seen, now some years ago. His descriptions have refreshed our memory, and made us long once more to wander along the narrow paths, through the vineyards. The Greeks appear to have properly estimated these blessings with which they were surrounded. They were undoubtedly a delicate minded people; the simple fact of their erecting altars beneath the shade of some of their finest trees, in order to preserve them from profanation, sufficiently proves it. The Grecian farmer was by no means a fine gentleman; he was, as an agriculturist is in our own country, rough,

honest, and laborious, and Mr. St. John's description reminded us of the jolly hard-working farmers of our own counties. We have, we fear, exceeded our space, and we shall therefore find it impossible, in the present notice, to follow Mr. St. John through the other portions of his elaborate work. We will, on a future occasion, return to it, when we hope to lay before our readers some account of the Greek theatre, and of the commerce and industry of Greece. In conclusion, we can recommend this work to a great variety of our readers. To the scholar and historian, as an unexhaustible store of knowledge. We should have given precedence to the ladies, whom we would recommend to study that portion of the work which relates to the Hellenic women. Indeed, to enumerate the claims which we would recommend it, would be difficult. We will sum up by saying, that all may derive great benefit from a careful perusal, while the general reader will be highly repaid by the amusement which the work will afford him.

Hood's Magazine.

The present number opens with "Ignez de Castro," a tragedy in five acts. As only one act is given, it is impossible to express any opinion on its merits as a tragedy. The language, however, has much of the stately flow and dignity which should appertain to this class of writing, proving the writer's perfect mastery of his language. "Mrs. Caudle smells tender" is good, while we give an impromptu which succeeds:

IMPROMPTU,

On observing that the Vestry Clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is named Pontifex.

The *Pontifex* of ancient Rome,
For ages called "the dark."
Ere yet St. Peter's reared its dome,
Was a *High Priest*—in London town
(Where Holborn's steep thrown horses down;
Quake, Lambert Jones, for thy renown,
Unless they're bridg'd from crown to crown):
He's only—*Vestry Clerk!*

"Sonnets for the Times," our readers will have an opportunity of judging of for themselves. "The White Cloud," by Percy B. St. John, follows; and then we have an article on Poland. Poland and humbug with us are synonymous terms; and we feel sympathy neither with Lord Dudley Stuart nor the views of the writer of this article. No man who has gone into the core of Polish history can feel within himself that this people are deserving of the universal sympathy they have met with. If the convicts in Van Dieman's Land were oppressed, we might strive to prevent it, but we should be unwise to elevate them into heroes. "Nell Gwynne" is certainly amusing; so was Faublas. These two writers' tastes appear very opposite. "Voices from the Past," "The Whispering Gallery," "The Bushranger," "Cabinet of Gems," &c., comprise a very excellent number. The present editor is certainly a tasteful and elegant selector; he loves, it is clear, the true and the beautiful—witness the exquisite "Summer Wreath for Summer Tide," but he must allow us to say that the present number contains too much poetry, and some, we instance Tupper's and Marston's, not of a calibre to be quoted in the same sheet of paper with Milton. Still we have much praise to give to the present number; and though we are of those who think that the mantel of departed genius fits no living shoulders, we must commend the present editor for what he has done in the brief space of time which has been afforded him.

The Drama.

Olympic.—We visited this theatre the other evening, to witness the representation of *The Rivals*, which, with the important aid of Miss Cooper, Miss Charles, Mr. Henry Marston, and Mr. James Browne, is very nicely played. We were quite struck with the *Fag* of an actor all but new to the London boards, of the name of Clarence. There is stuff of the genuine sort in this gentleman, and no mistake about it; a more spruce, dapper, knowing, or characteristic *Fag*, we have not seen for many a long day. He rattled out the impertinences and small talk he had to deliver in the most telling manner imaginable, and superadded a knowingness of look, wink, and gesture, which was quite in keeping with, as it was thoroughly illustrative of, the part. We wish him success, for we feel that he deserves it.—*The Theatrical Journal*, May 30.

The Gatherer.

A down-east chap, walking with a lady, accidentally stumbled and fell. The lady, thinking to commiserate his mishap, observed that she regretted his unhappy *faux pas*. "I didn't hurt my fore paw," he replied, "It was my knee."

Revolution of 1688.—To show the advance of civilisation, and strength of public opinion, in 1688, let us imagine that in 1488, an attempt, similar to that of the prince of Orange, and with a similar force, had been made in England; that the sovereign on the throne had possessed treasure and an armed force equal, in proportion to the times, to that of James. No shadow of doubt can exist that, as little or no public opinion was formed in 1488, the attempt to dispossess the reigning sovereign would have been abortive. The voice of the people in 1488 was of no moment; there was no middle class of any influence;

James II, had he lived in those days, would have been esteemed by the barons and courtiers as an excellent monarch; and the ignorant and barbarous lower class would have been blinded by superstition and influenced by their superiors. The same result must have followed in 1588; though in 1485, Henry VII overcame Richard and ascended the throne; but this event arose from the victory gained over the latter, not from any sentiment in the people, then divided into the factions of the Roses.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Water-Cress. — Most persons are acquainted with the water-cress and its salutary properties; they know generally that it grows in brooks, and on the borders of fresh running streams. Few, however, of those who, in the busy thoroughfares or quiet suburbs of London, hear the cry of "water-cre-e-ses," or see, in their daily walks, the old red-cloaked women sorting the little bundles at the corners of the streets, have any idea that the cultivation of this esculent now forms an important branch of horticultural and commercial industry, which, from the increasing consumption and use made of the plant in pharmacy is gradually rising into consequence. It is one of the most powerful antiscorbutics with which we are acquainted, and is said to possess the property of exciting the appetite and fortifying the stomach. We have no certain information that it is cooked in any part of England as is occasionally the case in France; but in the north of Germany, to which country we owe its original cultivation, it is boiled and eaten as spinach. The common cress is known as *sisymbrium officinale*, and presents two varieties, the green and the blue, which by cultivation have been rendered far superior to what they were in their wild state, being less acrid, and not so liable to contract the taste of slime and mud as those found in ditches and marshes. Near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, where there is a fine stream running over a chalky bottom, there are now about fifteen acres under cultivation. The Springhead plantation consists of four acres, while on the opposite side of the Thames, at Waltham Abbey, in Essex, there is another of six acres.

A New Branch in the Queen's Genealogical Tree.—We are sure it will be forgiven us, if we remark, ere passing on to other matters, that from a French Protestant refugee our own gracious sovereign may trace, without any sacrifice of dignity, her illustrious descent. It will place no bar in the royal escutcheon of England to show that the revocation of the edict of Nantes contributed to give a monarch to our empire, by banishing Alexander Desmiers D'Olbreuse, a gentleman of Poitou. This gentleman, with his daughter, passed into Germany, and established himself at Brandenburg, where his daughter, Mademoiselle Desmiers D'Olbreuse, became maid of honour to the electress, duchess of Zell. George William, brother to the electress's first husband (who was Charles Louis, Duke of Zell), fell desperately in love with the maid of honour, and married her. He died in 1703, and she in 1722, leaving one daughter, married in 1680 to her cousin-german, George Louis, Duke of Hanover, afterwards elector, the appointed heir of queen Anne to the throne of England, and father of the House of Brunswick, as connected with the imperial realm of Great Britain and Ireland.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

Kangaroo Hunt.—A large male, called an "Old Man" by the colonists, loitering to protect the does under his care, was singled out by the fastest dog; and a splendid run ensued; the country, however, being rather woody, and strewed with fallen timber which was concealed by long grass, only those who risked the pace over it enjoyed the sport. The dogs stuck well to their game, and coming at last to an open piece of ground, the fleetest began to close with the "Old Man," who was covering an immense space in each bound. At length the dog reached the kangaroo's quarters, and burying his teeth in them, made him face about, cutting at his pursuer, who kept out of reach, with his hind feet, and then turning round and endeavouring to escape. But the same liberty being again taken with his haunches he was once more brought to bay. The rest of the pack now came up, and a fine half blood-hound rushed in and seized the kangaroo by the throat; whilst the latter, in return, fiercely clutched the dog round the neck; a violent struggle ensued, each trying to choke the other. Although the dog that had first reached the "Old Man" was biting his quarters, the danger that the game hound would be laid open by a cut from the kangaroo's hind feet, determined Dr. Barker and myself to watch an opportunity of creeping up behind a tree to assist in the struggle. We accordingly did so, and managed to seize the animal by his monstrous tail, so that by keeping a strain on it he was prevented from lifting his hind leg, as if he had we should have pulled him over. The dogs, thus protected from injury, were at last victorious; and the kangaroo, a great beast, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, was soon stretched on the ground.—*Stokes' Australia.*

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